

The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1924



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Unitarian Missions and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I, , do hereby bequeath TO THE FRANCIS SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE Unitarian MISSIONS OF CHICAGO dollars to the purpose of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I direct my executor or executors to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy to be received by him, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I, , do hereby devise TO THE FRANCIS SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE Unitarian MISSIONS OF CHICAGO the certain lot of land with the buildings, commonly known as (here describe the premises with exactness, and particularly to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation).

Write the Deed concerning annuities.

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by General Ross, Brother & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bond.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



The Frances Shimer Record

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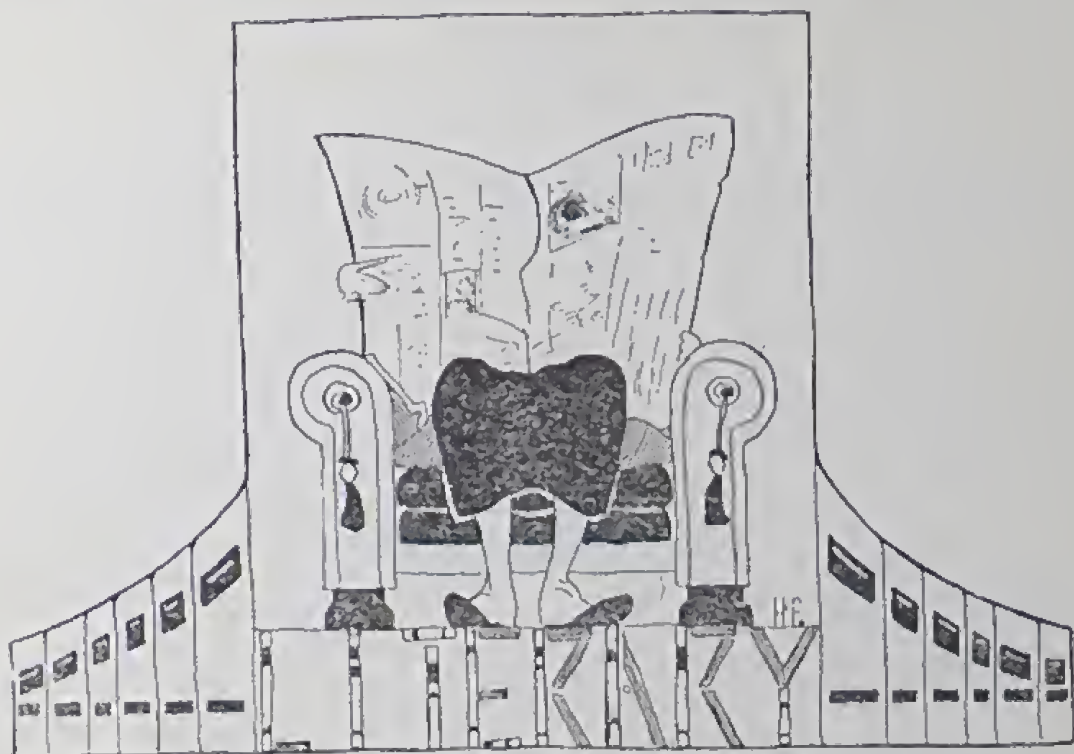
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Frances Shimer

To F. S. S., the school we love,
 We'll sing a song of praise,
 Tell of her many victories won
 And high her banners raise;
 We'll glorify our Alma Mater,
 Work for her with zest,
 And tell to all the world around
 That F. S. S. is best.

So let's join in the cheer
 While we're all gathered here,
 Cheer for Old F. S. S.
 We are ready to uphold
 The Maroon and the Gold
 Of dear old F. S. S.
 For her honor and fame
 And her glorious name
 We will stand every loyal one;
 So let's cheer, cheer,
 While we're all here,
 All out for F. S. S.
 Rah ! Rah !

The Senior Class of '25

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Sketches

A Meditation

I tire easily of dancing, of people with too bright eyes and unnaturally flushed cheeks. I tire too of blatant music and harsh glaring lights. From all these things I seek to escape. That is why I glanced searchingly around the ballroom that evening of early spring with a hope that I might slip away from this too bolsterous, forced gaiety. Not far away from me a long window stood open; I made my way to this and slipped quietly into the night.

Into the damp night that was saturated with the heavy odor of fragrant flowers I walked to the edge of the terrace and rested against the balustrade. The air caressed my cheeks, my lips, my hair, like the gentle fingertips of a first love. Carried on the air was the fragrance that is sent to haunt our imaginations, the fragrance that recalls the heartbreaks and joys of the past, and yet brings a new hope for the future. In the air, too, was a touch of madness, a call to the heart of youth, that led over a gypsy path through the Valley of Kings to that dreamed-of, longed-for land of our imagination. This phantom breeze whispered to me, stirred my thoughts, and made the blood pound furiously in my temples.

Below, in the dim light of the garden a fountain sparkled. The drip of the spray sounded like tears, the tears of a young woman, shed for her vanished happiness. Shuddering, I pushed the unwelcome thought from me. I did not want disillusionment. The night was an imp-child, and in the thought of it I wanted indolently to linger, as illusioned as the lotus eaters. I felt an abandonment of spirit; I was carefree. Then almost guiltily I glanced back into the overdressed room from which I had escaped. Poor people, they hunted so vainly, so madly for excitement. If they could only know the witchery just outside of their gaudy lights. Adventure and romance waited for those who would grant them admittance. I sighed a little and breathed more deeply. I drank in all the glory of the night, and I let the beauty of it play a melody on my heart.

Poor ignorant people—sometime I might play with them and rejoice even as they did in their tawdry thrush. But for the time I had risen above them. I had glimpsed the soul of the Spring.

EDRICE GREEN, *Academy '26*

Changing Ideals in Literature

"The Wizard of Oz", "Alice in Wonderland", "Eight Cousins", "Freckles", these are only a few which suggest themselves as I think of the books I used to like.

Many were the hours I spent, marvelling over the experiences of Alice in her trip through the house of the rabbit. I was thrilled with the wonderful things that happened. They were all very real to me. I imitated the famous tea-party with my dolls, the biggest and most dignified being the Duchess, and the smallest the mouse. The stray cat, yowling at the

back door, was, to me at least, a brother of the grinning Cheshire. All this, of course, happened about the same time that I was learning "The Night Before Christmas" and "speaking pieces" in Sunday school.

Later I began to wonder about the queer people I had loved so well. Could Alice really and truly have shrunk from her normal size to a tiny creature, small enough to squeeze through the hole of a mouse, and then have sprung up again to a huge monster seven feet tall? What sort of a person was she? I lay awake at night for hours (until eight o'clock) trying to solve the awful question. Finally, I decided that Alice was a mythical being, created only for children, who could not appreciate anything else. Thereafter I scorned such literature.

Then for two years I lived with Rose and her eight cousins, and suffered all the trials that came to any one in "Little Women". Jo, with all her faults, was my ideal; I was the object of a violent "crush". If the truth must be told.

But soon, she too, began to seem impossible. I tired of her pranks and her affairs with her sisters. And then Jo and her sisters and the cousins followed Alice to the place of scorn and disgust in my mind. They were all in children's books and I, why I had outgrown such nonsense.

From this "nonsense" I graduated to "Laddie", "The Girl of the Limberlost", and "The Song of the Cardinal". To say that I read these with interest is too mild. I devoured them—I thought that no other books should be printed. I was hurt beyond expression when some one, much older than I, shook her head and said, "Give her time and she will outgrow them too." Outgrow them. How awful! I should hold them as my dearest book companions, all my life. This was in my first year of high school.

In my second year, a strange dissatisfaction began to creep into my mind, when I walked the Limberlost trail with Freckles or listened to the song of the cardinal. Again I wondered, "How could people be so good?" And it was not long before I banished my "dearest companions" to the top shelf, beside "Little Women" and "The Wizard of Oz". I was through with literature; I had been disillusioned by all of my book friends.

Then, bored by doing nothing, I began, merely to amuse myself, to read the "Marble Faun", "Notre Dame", "Life of Queen Victoria", and "Jane Eyre". Then I became very enthusiastic about the classics. I gloried in the trials of Jane and in the horrors of parts of her career. I was proud of the courage of Hester in the "Scarlet Letter". All these things thrilled me. I thought, "Surely, I am reading the real thing", and my faith in literature was restored.

Now that is over. When I feel very intellectual, I read the "Bookman" or "Pictures of the Floating World" by Amy Lowell. Sometimes I even manage to concentrate, for a short time, on the latest "best seller", but such periods of ambition are short lived. My "fifteen minutes a day" are usually spent in reading the "Saturday Evening Post", "Good Housekeeping", or "Vanity Fair". Such are the literary interests of the average student.

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A Perfect Theme

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these:

"It might have been a good theme—

If only you had spent more time on it." How many, many times have I listened to that statement? "It might have been a good theme," with the explanation of why it was not a good theme following. Often the explanation was, "You have good material here, but you do not seem to know how to use it." Once, I remember, it was "This might have been a good theme but the penmanship is so poor that I cannot read it." And so on, explanations "ad infinitum".

This evening I carefully take my pencil and paper, fill my pen, and sit down to write, firmly resolved that for once in my high school career, I am going to write a perfect theme. Now, I have everything but the idea.

Ten minutes later I am still sitting at my desk, chewing my pencil and gazing at the ceiling in hopes of finding an idea. The pencil is almost gone. I take another and continue to search the ceiling. Minutes pass. Can it be possible that there are no ideas to be found? I jump up and pace the floor. Oh, for one of those ideas that I had so carelessly played with in times past. I sit down again. Half an hour passes. Suddenly I remember a startling fact. Victor Hugo did much of his work standing up. Of course! No one could get an idea while sitting calmly at a desk. Why had I not thought of that before? With renewed hope I grab my paper and rush to the bureau. Now, surely, the idea is forthcoming. And for the next ten minutes I shift from one foot to the other. The second pencil is almost gone. At last I denounce Hugo as an impractical old fool, return to the desk and begin to write. I have no idea, but I know that I simply must write something. For a few minutes my pencil moves swiftly across the page. But, alas, the inspiration is short lived, the pencil begins to move slowly, still more slowly, until at last it drops unnoticed from my fingers and rolls to the floor. I make no effort to pick it up. Dully I realize that I am nearly asleep, and my last thought is "the perfect theme is not yet written".

VIRGINIA SMITH, Academy '25

A Day at Frances Shimer

It is six-thirty, and the sound of the rising bell may be heard by any one who cares to listen. In each room the more courageous of the roommates rises sleepily, advances to the window, shivering, closes it and returns to her bed to resume the sleep which was so cruelly interrupted. Fifteen minutes later another bell rings, but it also is ignored; it is only a gentle reminder that it will soon be time to rise.

Approximately one minute before the ringing of the breakfast bell there is a mad rush for some one's else clothes, as it appears that no one has anything to wear.

Outside may be seen several college girls wearily "walking the quad".

The way of the transgressor is hard.

Breakfast is served at seven o'clock, with the usual choice between "warm or cold", a phrase which will always be associated with Frances Shimer.

After breakfast, many dear friends are united, who have been separated ever since six-forty-five on the preceding night, and must lose no time in reassuring each other that no one will ever usurp her place in the heart of her adoring friend.

Of course there are the classes at eight-five, but let us pass over this unpleasant interruption of the more important features of school life.

The next occasion worthy of mention is the dismissal of classes at three-thirty. Probably the most weighty problem that harrasses the overburdened Shimer girls is gym—"to cut or not to cut". Needless to say girls are encouraged to cut gym.

Dinner is served at five-thirty-five. Much of the table conversation consists in speculation concerning what the dessert may be, but everyone knows that whatever it may be, it will be crowned by the albuminous portion of the egg, although on Wednesday night there is always ice cream, and on Thursday night pie. If the trustees are present the pie is embellished by cheese. The trustees are always most sincerely welcome.

Recreation, which lasts until six-forty-five, may be spent in dancing, or playing "Rook". From that time until nine, study hour must be endured. At nine o'clock sharp the victrolas start to play "Limehouse Blues" in one room blending with "It Had to Be You" in the next. At this time the girls, with the exception of the serious ones who are paragons of perfection, are inclined to forget that they are ladies, and to raise their voices in a most unbecoming manner.

At nine-fifteen the duty teacher determinedly shoos the girls into their rooms. Having learned that it is impossible to reason with her, the girls meekly submit.

At nine-thirty lights must go out. This is a hard trial to bear; but if worst comes to worst, there is always the flashlight. Everyone is quiet excepting the members of the faculty. But if they get any pleasure out of taking their shoes off and dropping them on the floor one by one, no girl certainly would be cruel enough to deny them the pleasure of this little game. Eventually, however, the hall is quiet and all are asleep.

GENEVIEVE PFLEGER, *Academy '25*

An Unexpected Christmas Party

It was almost ten o'clock and still there were no signs of the train. The station agent was trying his best to get some news over his little telegraph set, but all the wires seemed to be down. The storm had been a bad one, and probably no train would be able to reach the end of the peninsula that night. Virginia and Jean looked at one another, each almost in tears. Here it was Christmas Eve, and no way of getting home. They would have to stay out on that little neck of land over the holidays.

Pulling their collars up around their ears, the two girls left the little

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station and went out into the blinding storm. It had been snowing for more than twenty-four hours, and the wind, which had blown a gale all day, had piled the soft flakes into drifts, waist-high in some places. As the two girls stumbled along, it was so dark, and the snow was coming down so thickly that all that could be seen was the great light from the light house at the point as it swung around to warn the ships off the rocky coast.

Jean and Virginia, having graduated from the same college, had come together to this little town on the very end of one of the peninsulas on the eastern coast, Jean to teach in the little school, and Virginia to paint. Both had been very lonesome and had looked forward eagerly to the Christmas vacation, and now it was impossible to get home. It seemed to both that night that life was awfully cruel, and it was all they could do to keep back the tears which persisted in coming.

That night Jean could not sleep. She lay in bed and thought of her past Christmases. This would be the first Christmas she had spent away from home and she wondered what her mother would say when she did not come. Suddenly in the midst of her thoughts, Jean felt that something was wrong. What could it be? The fog horn! It had stopped. But why? Surely it was still snowing as hard as ever. Jean jumped out of bed and rushed to the window. The light too was out. Something was wrong at the lighthouse.

Jean pulled on her shoes and stockings and a heavy coat, and quietly left the house. As she hurried through the snow, she nearly froze, but the feeling of danger made her keep on.

When she reached the lighthouse, she knocked on the door, but there was no answer, so she turned the knob and ran up the steps. When she reached the little room at the top, she stopped aghast. The little fire had burned out, and the room was as cold as ice. Over in a chair before the huge light lay Mr. Boys, the lighthousekeeper.

Jean ran to him and was trying to bring him back to consciousness, when suddenly there was a hoarse whistle from out on the bay. An ocean liner, and no light!

Despairingly, Jean looked at the huge light. If only she knew how to manage a light like that! Then suddenly she ran toward it—the rules, of course. Hastily glancing at these, Jean started to work, and, after what seemed hours to her, she had the light going and also the fog horn.

An hour later, everyone in town was dressed and down at the wharf to see the steamer come in. Ocean liners did not come into that harbor as a rule, but there were large cakes of ice all along the shore, and the steamer could not continue her voyage that day.

When the sun rose, everyone disembarked from the ship, and there was a great party in the little town that Christmas day, at which Jean was guest of honor. The sun warmed things up, and by the next day the liner steamed away from the wharf, and on board the two happiest passengers were Jean and Virginia. It is true that they had had to miss Christmas at home, but now they were very thankful that things had happened as they had.

The Last Time is Earliest

"Some-bod-y. What time is it?" A voice was raised above the hustle and tumult of the crowd in the hall.

"Almost time for second period, better hurry."

"Oh goodness," again the voice came, this time more distressed than before, "I have a quiz third, and two other classes. I'm not packed, this room is a mess, and I——. Yes, I'm coming. Who has my botany notebook? Yes, in a moment. O hello, train letter? Surely I will, couldn't think of neglecting you. Wish we went on the same——oh, I'm sorry, will see you before lunch, wait for me."

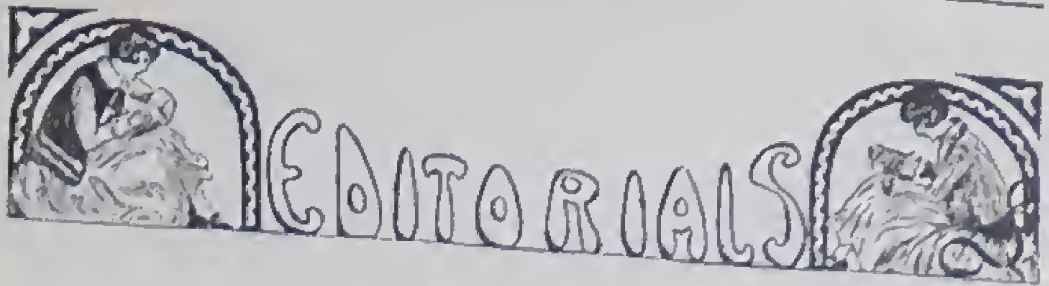
The girl to whom the distracted tones belonged emerged from a doorway, and wended her way between the trunks, reached campus, made a dash for the Science building, arriving only eight minutes late to class. During the class period she recited twice, and wrote exactly three train letters. From such an accomplishment one could readily judge that she was an old girl, well-versed in the art of such things.

At ten-twenty the young lady stood in the hall of the dormitory once more. "Well, that is one more class out of the way. Really, I can't go to chapel. Can't help it if I am a Senior. Oh yes, I suppose I have to, but how can I? That elephant has been in the bottom of my laundry bag since Thanksgiving day, and I have to do something with him. And look at that room. There goes Jane with my sweater, wait a moment, Ja-a-ne!! I have to have that sweater to pack. All right, after chapel. Come on, let's go, but I feel horribly negligent leaving things this way."

After the fourth hour this busy Senior returned to her own room. "Thank goodness and our math teacher—she had to leave on the ten-forty to make connections, and there isn't any class. Now I'll put Nebby——away, then clean the room, drop a few things in my trunk, and dress during lunch. My peace of mind has certainly been saved by the lack of this fifth-period class. Oh hello, all packed? Wonderful! Want to make that other bed? Thanks heaps. Hello, honey, my, all dressed, haven't been home before, have you? Isn't the excitement fun? No, don't need any help, no, that is, unless you would be sweet enough to get my laundry, thank you so much."

One o'clock! A very smartly dressed young girl locked an immaculate room and gave final directions about some very neat baggage, and she left the building for the train—and home. Again, it is very noticeable that she is, an old girl.

MARTHA BARNHART, *Academy '25*



Senior Record

The Senior Class deserve credit for this issue of the *Record*, because they have furnished the entire Literary Department, a part of the Editorial Department, and of the Novelty Shop. It is the plan of the staff at this time to have subsequent issues the particular task of the different classes.

We thank the Seniors for their contribution, and hope that they feel a worthy pride in their accomplishment. They will be depended upon in the future for further contributions.

The Proverbial New Leaf

With vacation over and the new semester of paramount interest, this is the proper time and place to mention to the school at large and to the student body in particular that this is a place for work. If this were the middle of the semester, we would forbear mentioning it, but since it is a new semester, it is an admirable time to turn over a new leaf. It is so hard to start to study in the middle of the semester; but with memories of cramming fresh in the minds of all, it should be with a feeling of thanksgiving that a renewed interest in lessons be taken at this time. After the start is made, the rest is automatic. One studies in spite of herself. Some might be skeptical concerning the last statement, but there is only one way to prove to the satisfaction of all that the writer is wrong. Try it and see.

A Protest Against Superlatives

In spite of all of the defects of school life, it is *perfectly astonishing* how many perfectly darling, wonderful, perfect, and even precious things there are about the campus. These terms apply indiscriminately to clothing, food, events, and people. It is an effective and vivacious way of self-expression when one accustoms herself to it. For instance, "She is simply adorable, and did you see her new hat? Perfectly stun-n-ing! And an *ideal* hostess. Everyone had a precious time at her spread." From such a description, anyone would know all about the girl.

On the other hand, in the best of regulated families, little things (such as lessons) come up every day, which are perfectly terrible. Many people one meets are dreadfully inconsiderate, particularly the faculty, when they assign the aforementioned perfectly terrible lessons. The weather, or the girl, or her dress, or life in general is often impossible. What an eventless world would this be if things were nice instead of wonderful, enjoyable instead of precious, pretty, instead of perfectly gorgeous, and

hard instead of perfectly terrible. Life must have its little ups and downs.

But I would give you one little hint. Watch the campus at large when something really wonderful or beautiful or terrible happens. Watch it, I say, for you cannot hear it. It is one vast gasp for words of sufficient intensity to express the feelings of the would-be speaker which are by this time indescribable.

Grit

WHAT IS GRIT?

If a boy has been playing strenuously in a basketball game and feels practically exhausted, and the opposing team is one point ahead, and there are only a few seconds left to play, does it not take grit to fight to the end? He could let his exhaustion conquer him and convince himself that it would do no good to fight any longer as it would be useless. But the boy with grit thinks it is worth while to do his best until the end and refuses to quit before that.

A girl from a poor family has, by the frugality of her parents, been sent through high school, but is desirous of receiving more education. Her parents have other children to educate and clothe and can no longer afford to give her financial aid. However, she is not daunted and enters a college where she earns her own tuition. But she has no money to buy pretty clothes, which are the delight of all girls, nor time and money to join in the frivolities of the other students. Is it not grit that pushes this girl on and makes her worth while?

Grit is a quality in a person which makes her fight to the end; which makes her fight against all odds; which makes her fight under all conditions; and which makes her admirable in others' eyes. May we not truly say that grit is an invincible spirit?

How many opportunities the girls here at Frances Shimer have to test their grit! When an especially difficult assignment is given, how easy it is to glance at the lesson, and then close the book and say, "It is too hard for me to do." Is this the right spirit to show toward work?

The students here are preparing themselves to meet the problems of life when they grow older. If they do not develop their grit here, how much harder it is going to be to solve the difficulties they may encounter in later life. They cannot give up then, so let them try to develop the habit now of sticking to a thing and doing the best they can, although it may not always be satisfactory to themselves. It pays in the end to have grit.

M. H., Academy '25



Thanksgiving day has come and gone, but vivid memories of it still remain. The customary hockey game was played at nine in the morning. Both College and Academy played a good game, although College was just a little slow at the start. It was a close game, and the rooters on both sides were held in suspense until the last whistle blew. The final score was 3-2 in favor of College.

COLLEGE LINE-UP

C.—Charlton
R. Q.—Preble
L. Q.—Hinshaw
C. H.—Harrison
R. H.—Ingram-Bogart
L. H.—Clendenen
R. W.—Wade-Klein
L. H.—Brown
R. F.—Kelghin
L. F.—Parker
G.—Landborg
Manager—Martin
Captain—Charlton

ACADEMY LINE-UP

Zick
Myers
Perry
Kay-Baron
Touzalin
Murray-Huntley
O'Boyle-A. Fenske
Steinaker-G. Fenske
V. Smith
Cleveland-Taft
J. Williams
Cavanaugh
V. Smith

News

Leo Ornstein's Recital

No artist recital in recent years has attracted more favorable comment than the one given by Leo Ornstein Monday evening. Those fortunate enough not to have missed this event were treated to an evening of unalloyed enjoyment, but the audience was in no way commensurate with the merit of the attraction. This is regrettable in that opportunities to hear an artist of Ornstein's magnitude and international reputation are

indeed rare, and the evident indifference as measured by the slim attendance is something very difficult to explain.

The evening had no dull moments. Ornstein is the incarnation of temperanment. His methods are subtle and sure. His personality grips his audience, and he never for one moment loses his hold upon his hearers. And it is the strong personal equation that arrests at once the interest of the listener. Whatever he plays—Haydn, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin—he believes in every one of them and convinces us perfectly of their relative greatness. His touch is velvety, his tone highly colored, and his technique ample. But one does not think of his technique. One simply accepts it as a part of himself, so wholly is it subordinate to his greater powers as an interpreter. How delightfully crisp and with what delicate touch and fine sense of dynamic contrasts was the Haydn Theme and Variations presented and with what a true poet's imagination did he soar through the Schumann Fantasy, making it a revelation of beauty to be carried away and remembered during prosaic hours. Everything demanded admiration. It was a program of contrasts in which catholicity of taste showed the versatility of the artist. Anything more tender than Schubert's Moment Musical, more feathery than Debussy's Arabesque, more poetic than the Chopin group, would be difficult to conceive. The individuality of his own Impressions of Chinatown made a quick appeal by its novelty, necessitating a repetition. The Liszt Dream of Love could hardly have been given with greater charm or more beautiful tone throughout, so lovingly was each phrase polished, while his playing of Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsodie was a brilliant exposition of what a player with individuality can do with a well-worn number. It was given with tremendous fire and broad tonal effects without degenerating into a noisy and purely physical demonstration.

This recital has passed into history of Frances Shimer's real musical events, and has made an impression that will long be remembered when others are forgotten.

Thanksgiving Day

Thanksgiving day dawned bright and clear, with Academy and College out almost before daylight. All intended to yell until breakfast time, but College was engaged in tying up a refractory banner, and Academy must have been engaged in some intrigue or another. At least they were not in evidence until they filed into the dining room singing a song which was a masterpiece for originality, pep, and sentiment. This is not sarcasm, but honest admiration.

The hockey teams say it was an ideal day for a game, but the opinion of the sidelines was that it was slightly chilly. Be that as it may, the game was an exciting one. Although College won, it was such a close match that it might easily have been a tie or a victory for the other side.

Before dinner, all gathered in the Chapel to give thanks for homes, parents, school, health and happiness. Then the long anticipated dinner was an actuality and not a dream. Did you say toasts? There were

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toasts, quite decidedly. The dining room rang; particularly when the College Freshmen sang. For volume, they are winners. For pure beauty—perhaps it would be best to make no choice. It cannot be described. Suffice it to say it was a Frances Shimer School Thanksgiving dinner.

And then—the prom. It was an Eskimo prom, and although the decorations were cold, the hospitality of the Freshman class was warm. All enjoyed the evening and the day, and each girl must surely have offered a few private thanks that she was here to spend that day.

Doctor Foster's Visit

On December second and third, Frances Shimer was honored by a visit from Dr. Allyn K. Foster, a member of the Baptist Board of Education. Dr. Foster spoke in several classes, and also gave an inspiring talk on December third in the chapel. He gave the girls many splendid things to think about, and many of the questions and problems of youth, which arise out of religious thought, undoubtedly found their answers and solutions in his talks. He showed the girls a way to happiness, and asked them to look ten years into the future before they do anything which may endanger their happiness. Each girl's life would be much more worth while if we could often have such talks as those by Doctor Foster.

Christmas Dinner

Wednesday evening, December 17, 1924, one of the delightful customs of Frances Shimer was resumed after a discontinuance for eight years, namely, a farewell Christmas dinner! The dining-room was prettily decorated with bright Christmas wreaths and candelabras holding gay yellow candles. There was a little brilliant red nut cup at each place, and the whole room sparkled with Christmas gaiety. After the first course, creamed chicken, mashed potatoes, and other good things, the school sang "Merry Christmas" to Frances Shimer, Dean McKee, Mrs. McKee, Miss Morrison, and the faculty. The Dean then said a word or two and wished us all a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Mrs. McKee responded in a like manner, and Miss Morrison repeated her greeting which she extended to the school Monday, at the last house meeting of this year. Then followed the singing of the school song, "Jingle Bells", and others. This party was more or less a surprise to the Shimerites, and so pleasant was it that they unanimously agreed that it was a splendid custom and never should again be discontinued.

The Christmas Party

On Monday, December 15, if Frances Shimer had come to view her old home, she would have surely recognized that the F. S. S. spirit that was displayed anew at our Christmas party was the same as that of old. At three o'clock we all gathered in West Lounge, which the decorating squad had made a place of mystery by hints they had thrown to us. We found that it more than fulfilled our expectations, and when the town crier took us back to the first Christmas day, we were fully prepared for the interesting program that followed. I cannot decide which parts of the pro-

gram I shall tell you about. Would you like to hear of the dances, of the old customs we enacted, or of the lovely tableaux that took us back to the long ago with their fascinating beauty? After all, though, you must be a Shimerite truly to appreciate all this. Oh yes as a final touch we had a real old-fashioned Santa who came in through a window in lieu of a chimney. He gave the Dean, Miss Morrison, and other noted members of our "Who's Who" book special gifts. Then for the rest of us there was a stocking of candy, a glass of wassail, and some of Katy's spice cake. Soon after the refreshments we went back to our rooms talking of the afternoon that was as entertaining as the cake was spicy. Merry Christmas, Frances Shimer! May you have many of them. Many thanks also to Mrs. McKee, and the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A., who were our hostesses.

College Girl's Farewell

The night before the happy College girls left for their Christmas vacation, the House Committee called a special meeting in College Hall. The president addressed the students in a serious tone, and all thought that this was indeed the "day of reckoning". However, they had only to hear a few words before their fears were dispelled and they were extended the "Merry Christmas and Happy Vacation". Cider and ginger snaps were served and the girls enjoyed a dance or two before the nine-thirty bell rang. This was, indeed, a thoughtful thing for the House Committee and the College girls duly appreciate the thought.

Heapers

October 12: We were all very much interested when Miss Bean said that she would talk about Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick this evening. Dean McKee has spoken of Dr. Fosdick several times in chapel, and we were glad to hear more about him. Miss Bean also read part of Van Dyke's "The Telling of Felix".

October 19: "Happiness" was Miss Seidel's topic this evening, a subject in which we are all interested. Perhaps Miss Seidel's suggestions might be followed by us with benefit to ourselves. Later she and Maxine Montgomery played a popular violin selection, accompanied on the piano by Lillian Bowman.

October 26: Miss Parker took us, this evening, on a trip to the homes of two Scotch writers, Burns and Carlyle. Needless to say, we enjoyed it very much. Miss Parker also read some of Burns' poems and a part of Carlyle's "Essay on Burns", which interested us more than ever in their writing.

November 2: Dean McKee talked to us about "The Cost of Progress". He made us see very clearly that to attempt a thing, whether it be studies or play or work, is useless unless we are ready to pay what the cost of progress demands.

November 9: "Friendliness!" With Burns' poem "Man was made to Mourn" and her own friendly talk this evening, Miss Morrison brought home to us a new idea of what "friendliness" means, and a new desire to give that sort of friendliness to our school mates.

November 16: Alice Kelghin had charge of vespers this evening for the Y. W. C. A. Her topic was "The Quest of the Holy Grail", and she read a short story called "Seek and Ye Shall Find", an interesting account of one man's search for the "Cup of Happiness".

November 22: We were very much surprised and interested to find that there were as many different kinds of birds as Miss Peters told us about. Many of us have been on the lookout for birds, but now I think that more of us are interested and when spring comes "The Bird Club" will greatly increase its membership.

November 29: Most of us have known of Cape Cod since the time when we first learned about the Pilgrims, but we did not know that there were so many interesting things about the place as Miss Hostetter told us of, and now Cape Cod is added to the list of places we particularly wish to visit.

December 7: Miss Pollard had charge of vespers this evening, and asked Miss Shaw to retell a vivid and impelling story which she heard last winter in Chicago. We met in the lounge instead of in chapel, as we usually do. The story which Miss Shaw told was "The Last Crusade", or the taking of Jerusalem during the World War. Miss Shaw's charming manner of telling the story made each incident move before us as a present reality.

December 14: We had not felt that Christmas was really almost here until vespers this evening, when Miss Schuster played some new Christmas records and we sang "Oh Little Town of Bethlehem". Needless to say, we enjoyed the evening very much.

Saturday Nights

No wonder everyone at Frances Shimer looks forward to Saturday! It is the day on which something interesting is sure to happen. Of course, the week's classes end Saturday, but—what will Saturday evening bring forth? Something worth while, yet lots of fun; something that makes everyone a wee bit happier because she chose to come to F. S. S. Just listen!

October eighteenth all the artists, real, would-be, and otherwise, gathered in College Hall to enjoy their "Ball". The Diversion Club was responsible for the affair, and right nobly did they discharge their duty. From the moment of entrance into the softly lighted, balloon-hung, and much "be-cushioned" rooms, thru the evening of dancing with gayly appareled partners, to the moment of departure, one lived in a most delightful Bohemian atmosphere.

What a contrast was the entertainment provided for October twenty-fifth! Everyone wended her way Metemulward to see "The Wanderer of the Wasteland". Jack Holt is always popular as a hero, and although the picture was of a type not pleasing to some tastes, all agreed in declaring it a master production well worth seeing.

November first! What could one expect but a Halloween Prom by the Juniors? Surely no one was disappointed! The atmosphere seemed filled with the spirits of Halloween, and when the breeze swayed the

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clutching skeleton-like hands of the realistic ghosts, more than one spine experienced a shivery sensation. Ugh! But it was fun, and everyone went home thinking and saying nice things of Miss Seidel and her jolly Juniors.

And then, November eighth brought "Monsieur Beaucaire". Everyone knows how fascinating Randolph Valentino is, and everyone actually hated to see "The End" even if the last bell had rung some time before.

Occasionally, it is more fun to do just as one pleases instead of following the "gang". Evidently F. S. S. thinks so, too. Saturday evening, November fifteenth, was an open night. The tea-shop down-town did a flourishing business; so did Katy. Lots of other girls had their special brand of good time on campus.

"Her Husband's Wife," by the Seniors! It was perfect. Everyone said so, and everyone ought to know, for Frances Shimer attended "en masse". One does not dare say that any one of the cast was a star, for they all were. After it was all over and the actors and actresses had been duly hugged, kissed, and congratulated—yes, even the actors—the less celebrated members of the school family betook themselves to their rooms, declaring that November twenty-second was the best Saturday yet.

After Thanksgiving comes Christmas, so the Y. W. C. A. set to work to plan a regular bazaar at which the Shimerites might purchase Christmas gifts of divers kinds, eat, dance, and have a general good time. Everyone did. The Y. W. tea-shop flourished, the booths were divested of their wares, the piano was not idle, and everyone was satisfied with Saturday evening, November twenty-ninth.

"The Covered Wagon" in chapel, 7:30, December 6th, so the sign in Metcalf proclaimed the event of the Saturday. Promptly the girls assembled and sat with bated breath as reel after reel of that historical film flashed on the screen. Again it was past a Shimerite's bed-time as the last picture flashed off and the lights flashed on, and another Saturday evening was only a pleasant memory.

Student Recital December 13, 1924

Sparklets	-----	Walter Miles
Warrior's Song	-----	Heller
	Helen Marshall	
Solitary Wanderer	-----	Grieg
To The Rising Sun	-----	Torjussen
	Katherine Sherman	
Coasting	-----	Cecil Burleigh
	Elizabeth Hendricks	
Slavonian Dance	-----	Bohm
	Beth Hower	
Agitato	-----	Von Wilm
	Vernette White	

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Novellette in F Major	-----	Schumann
	Alta Sherrard	
Dawn	-----	Pearl Curran
	Grace Johnston	
Venetian Barcarolle	-----	Godard
Jugglery	-----	Godard
	Maxine Montgomery	
Prelude in E Minor	-----	Raff
	Ruth Touzalin	
Negro Spiritual—Deep River	-----	Fisher
	Grace Coleman	
Prelude	} From Carnaval Mignon -----	Schuett
Harlequin's Serenade		
Columbine's Lament		
Punchinello		
	Lillian Bowman	

College Sophomore Notes

Yes! the Sophs obtained their footlight seats, in house meeting this morning, December 8, 1924. All quite unexpectedly too, so they were duly appreciated.

This is just one of our privileges, however, but I simply had to mention it first because you know that means that we didn't have to wait so long to get out of chapel, and in this way "avoid the rush".

Maybe I had better mention some more of our privileges, but before that I want to mention the fact that we received them without delay after they were presented to the faculty. Speaks pretty well for us, don't you think, considering the fact that the Seniors had to wait so long for theirs? Now for the "privs" themselves. We can stay down town now fifteen minutes later than everyone else because we need never be back on campus until five-fifteen. (that means a lot too when we're hungry).

Something else that means a lot too when we're sleepy are the two breakfast cuts that we are entitled to each month. Here's something new and different! We are privileged to take one dry-lunch cut a month. As yet we haven't used this privilege, but we intend to before the month is over.

Then of course we can go to Katie's for lunch on Monday; go down town to a dinner and an entertainment on a week night once a month; and when the weather permits we will be able to walk off campus until a quarter of seven in the evening.

I haven't mentioned everything, I guess, but enough to give you an idea of what it means to be a "Soph".

Eskimo Land

Will we Frances Shimerites ever forget the lovely evening we spent in "Eskimo Land"? College Hall was effectively decorated with snow

flakes and frost, and soft glowing lights. We had a real igloo and an Eskimo snow man, too. And what do you suppose? Right in the middle of the evening we heard a noise at the window and in popped two real Eskimos, dressed in their furs. They sang us their "Ogle Oogle Wa Wa" song, which made us all feel like Eskimos ourselves.

The music and refreshments were something we shall never forget.

But you may ask, "What was this wonderful party?" The College Freshman Prom, of course!

On the evening of October the twenty-fifth, the class counselor, Miss Peters, Miss Morrison, and a crowd of happy Freshmen, all went down to the "Tea Shop" for dinner.

And oh! What a dinner we did have, creamed chicken, potatoes, peas, salad, rolls, wafers, ice cream, and coffee.

And what wonderful appetites the Freshmen have too!

We freshmen shall never forget that evening nor the dinner either.

Senior Notes

On Monday afternoon, November 22nd, Miss Parker entertained the Seniors at a party in College Hall. We spent a most enjoyable afternoon playing Mah Jong and dancing, after which our hostess served a lovely tea.

Of course the Seniors were excited, and worked hard over "Her Husband's Wife", but the next week's activities greatly overshadowed that. We were not very much worried over our precious mascot, because the Juniors (so they said) did not intend to hunt very hard for him. (Wonder why Verne and Mary Fran made so many visits to the trunk room??) Thanksgiving day was undoubtedly the happiest and probably one of the saddest days the Seniors will spend this year.

At noon, December 5th, there was unusual excitement in Hathaway. That evening every Senior appeared with a little gold triangle and pearl N, standing for "Senior Honor", over her heart. The long awaited Senior plus had at last arrived. It would be stating it mildly to say that everyone was proud because that was very apparent from the unusual display of Senior dignity.

And last—last because we have been waiting four long years—our much-prayed-for, long-anticipated, and greatly-needed "Senior Privileges" have been granted. And oh, how sacredly do we regard them!! We are striving hard to hold our honor sacred, and to accept our responsibilities also, thereby renewing "Senior Idealism" and making Frances Shimer proud of the Senior class of nineteen-twenty-five.

You will find our Thanksgiving class toast below:

(Tune—Jingle Bells)

This is Academy, nineteen-twenty-five

We're noted for our loyalty, we're very much alive,

Throughout our Senior year, our colors green and gold,

Shining on Nebby dear, we ever will uphold.

F. S. S. F. S. S. We're right here to say

That nineteen-twenty-five's the class
That makes the Academy pay!

Junior Notes

The Junior Class has certainly made its reputation for the year! Their Hallowe'en Prom was given on November first. You say you're immune to fear, and scoff at goblins, ghosts and witches? Well, just listen to this!

The dim and soothing harmony impressed the guests as they entered the room, the deep shade of orange set off by rich jet black. However, this tranquility of spirit did not remain long, for at a second glance, the guests saw a skeleton guarding the window. Another one! And another one! The room seemed possessed with skeletons! No, not only skeletons, but frightful black cats, witches, ghosts, and glowering pumpkin heads!

With a suddenness that was startling, music—joyous, thrilling music—burst forth. What had happened to that trepidation, and the misgiving that was so dominant just a minute before? They had surrendered their place to the mastery of joy and happiness. The deep murmur and hum of many voices caused those present to turn toward the door just in time to see a mass of gaily dressed people entering. Among this kaleidoscopic conglomeration they were able to discern many clowns, fanciful pierrots and puerettes, alluring gypsies, and black-eyed Spauldards. There was a scarlet figure of an exceedingly diabolical appearance who had the audacity to be attentive to a being who fairly reeked of the celestial. Who was the next distinguished couple? It was George and Martha Washington! Was it not perfectly thrilling to be served with orange ice and black cookies by Confucius himself?

Several hours later, many Pavlovians, Napoleons and Jeanne d'Arcs went home to retransform themselves into tired but very happy Shimerites.

Sophomore Academy Class Notes

The first thing that the Sophomores did after the September meeting was to entertain Miss Wallace, the counselor, on November 10, at Katie's. It was a rainy Monday, but Katie's fried chicken was wonderful, and our spirits ran high.

On November 12 we held a meeting in West Hall in the room of our President, Vivian Riddell, with Miss Wallace attending. Vivian Riddell, Agnes Reeves, and Edrice Green were elected as the Thanksgiving song committee, and through their efforts most of the songs were composed. Miss Wallace helped us with our practicing, and gave us many valuable suggestions. From that time until Thanksgiving we were busy practicing our songs.

At Thanksgiving dinner the Sophomore table was prettily decorated with flowers. While most of our songs were not perfect, the "Song to the Seniors" was a success. We felt that our hard work had not been in vain and that the Thanksgiving songs were worth while.

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Seniors

(Louise)

Seniors Seniors, we're always true to you,

Seniors, Seniors, you'll find each Soph true blue

When skies are gray, and things don't go your way

You'll find us near. All set to cheer

And you'll hear us say,

Seniors, Seniors, the class of twenty five,

Seniors, Seniors, the class that is alive,

When there's a fuss, don't fail to call on us,

For we're true to Nobby dear,

And you.

But Thanksgiving over, a little of the excitement having died down, and our loneliness from the holiday gone and the class songs having all appeared, we are waiting for some new project to which to put our shoulders.

Academy Freshmen Notes

The Academy Freshmen entertained Miss Woodward, our confederate at dinner at Katy's on Monday, November eighteenth.

The class also had a meeting in the Y. W. room on the thirteenth of November and elected a song committee, the members of which were Fredericka Broad, Gertrude Mathes, and Isabel Harris. The real success of the songs, however, depended upon the able assistance of Helen Myers.

At the Thanksgiving Dinner, the song that was probably the most successful, was the FRESHMAN song.

Class Song (Tune Oh, by Jingo)

FRESHMAN, FRESHMAN,

We can do most anything

Study, play, and dance and sing,

If you want a class that's gay,

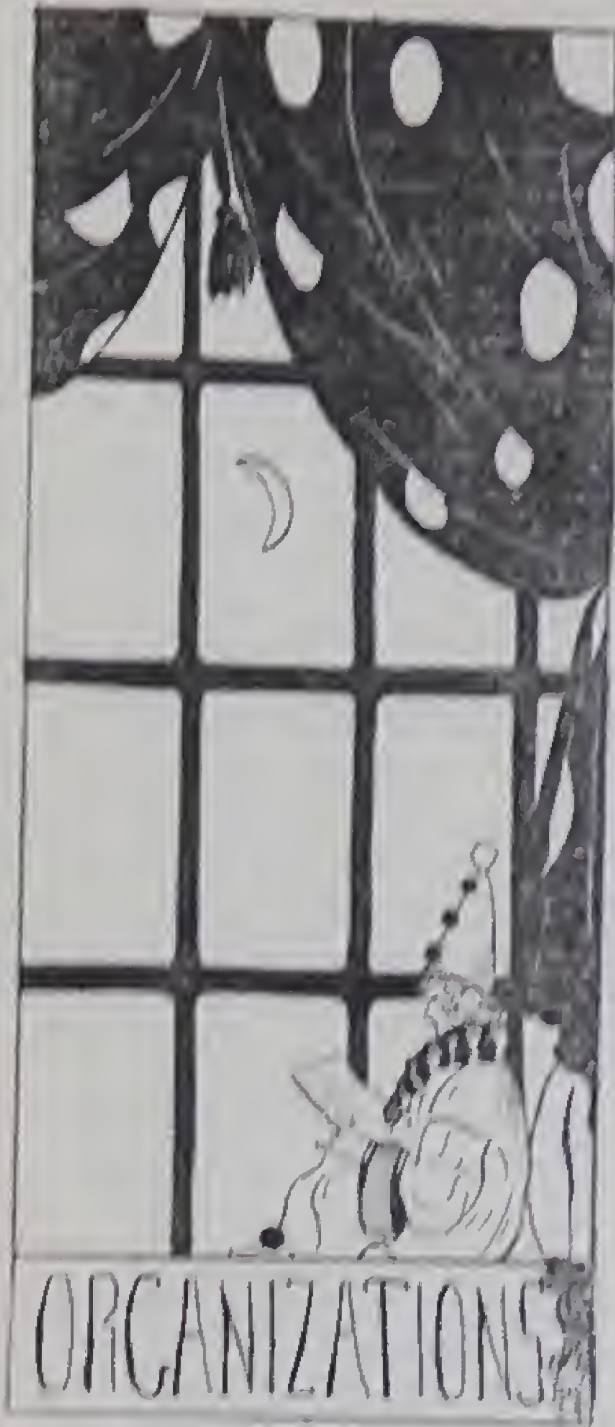
Blink your eyes and look this way,

FRESHMAN, FRESHMAN

Dean McKee and Martin too,

Faculty will help you through

FRESHMAN.



Candler's Club

November 20th was our first meeting. The members, consisting of twenty-five girls and Miss Hostetter, our conductor, decided to hold the meetings exclusively for members only every other week. Not only are we planning to have numerous interesting travel talks by members and faculty, but we have all agreed to take turns in preparing imaginative talks on places we should like to visit.

December 7th, after tea in McKee Lounge, Miss Hostetter gave a most vivid talk on Rome, and illustrated her topics by still pictures. As we proceed we are to hear and see that the ball for Venice started us all. Now that Miss Hostetter has started us we are going to fall awing,

and waiting impatiently for our next meeting.

MacDonell Club

The first meeting of the MacDonell Club was held Sunday evening, November 2. The following officers were elected: Jean Telschle, president; Gertrude Fensho, vice-president; Therese Laporte, secretary; and Joseph Cushman, treasurer. Miss Belustet was chosen conductor for the club.

Very interesting talks have been given at the meetings on "Opera", "The Evolution of the Piano", and the "Lives of Musicians". The

purpose of the club is to further interest in music among the students. The victrola will be used to supplement the talks and to illustrate the various points of interest in the course of study.

Athletic Association

The Athletic Association decided at one of their meetings to buy a golf cup. The name of the person who wins the golf tournament will be engraved on it. The Association is going to hold dances every Friday after dinner and charge admission, to pay for the golf cup.

The golf cup will be similar to the tennis cup, which was purchased last year.

Exchanges

Recorder—Winchester High School.

We enjoyed your stories and sketches very much; also the editorial. A page of snap-shots would add interest to the magazine. Why not try it?

Ogontz Mosaic—Ogontz School.

Your literary department is good—so good that we wish there was more of it. The "New Books" page and the "Line a Day" are also novel but very interesting departments.

The Purple Parrot—Rockford College.

Each week we look forward to receiving "The Purple Parrot". It is a small, peppy paper which we enjoy greatly.

The "Frances Shimer Record" also acknowledges the following exchanges:

Emerson College News.

The Denisonian.

The Mohawk (a very appropriate name).

New Trier News.

Northwestern University Bulletin.

Stanford Illustrated Review.

Scattered Family

Norma Jones Steelsmith '11 is teaching in New York City, and continuing her study at Teachers' College of Columbia University. She writes of meeting Harriet Wilk Tarrson and Vesta Grimmes Giles, both of whom live in New York.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackensen '18 and her husband, who were under appointment for educational work in Persia, have been obliged to abandon the work for the present owing to unsettled conditions in that country.

Iola Runyan, '17-'18, is spending the winter in Chicago with Irma Runyan Shaw and her new baby daughter.

Lois Linebarger '16 is at home in her new residence at 311 Buell Avenue, Joliet, Illinois.

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Faith Reichelt '21 was sent as a delegate from Northwestern University, where she is a senior, to the national convention of Mortar Board held in November at Lexington, Kentucky.

Mabel Daugherty '13 was graduated from the University of Southern California last June.

Kathrena Williams '20 has been obliged to give up her work at the Emerson College of Oratory where she was a senior, because of illness. She is spending the winter at home in Havana.

Ruth Birdsall '22, who has been teaching for two years, entered Beloit College this fall. She is on the staff of the college paper, and on the Girls' Debating Club. She writes that both she and Catherine Haskell, '23-'24, are pledged to Pi Phi.

Wanda Evans '22 is Principal of a school in St. Mary's, Iowa, and teaches a class in Spoken English.

Edna Eastabrooks '24 has joined the French Club at the University of Wisconsin. Members are received only after an examination in that language.

Elizabeth Kucelaud, College '20-'22, is a Junior at William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia, majoring in Physical Education. She writes that Genevieve Freeman '21, who is teaching in Raleigh (N. C.) College, recently spent a week-end with her when they renewed their Frances Shimer friendship.

Florence Rice, Elaine Fisher, and Julia Jung, all '24, who are attending the University of Chicago this year, were back for the week-end of October 25-26.

Marjorie Thompson '23 and Mary Branson '24, who are doing departmental work in the public schools of Warren, Illinois, visited friends at Frances Shimer October 26.

Sally Pratt '24 came back for the Hallowe'en Party. She is attending Lombard College this year, where she is a Pi Phi pledge.

Frances Hanby, '22-'23, after leaving Frances Shimer, continued her work at the Art Institute in Chicago for a time, but because of ill health could not complete her course. She is spending this year at home in Indianola, Iowa, where her sister is attending Simpson College.

Mary Brigham '15 was married on September 18, 1924, to Mr. John Michael Johnson in the North Side Unitarian Church, Chicago. Since her graduation from Frances Shimer Mrs. Johnson completed the course at

the Art Institute in Chicago, specializing in portrait painting. She has continued this work in her studio at home, and in New York City. Mr. Johnson is a graduate of West Point, where he returned to teach after his graduation. At present he is construction engineer for the F. M. Hubbell Company of Des Moines, where they will reside.

Iva Dodd Simley, '18-'19, resides in Oberlin, Ohio, where her husband is Assistant Professor of Psychology in Oberlin College.

Geraldine Hegert Schuyler '19 is living in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where her husband is manager of the office of the American Bond and Mortgage Company. Mrs. Schuyler is active in the work of the local Young Women's Christian Association and is a member of the University Club.

Mary Brenneman, '23-'24, has been elected a member of the Freshman Class Council at the University of Chicago. All the class activities are directed through this executive body.

Helen Morris, '17-'18, is teaching at her home in Redfield, South Dakota.

Marcella Meeske, '18-'20, is spending the year at home. She writes that she was maid of honor at the wedding of Dorothy Fullerton on October 11 at Somerville, New Jersey. During the summer she visited Hila Jalbert '20.

Maxine McMahon '21 is teaching music and art in the public schools of her home town, Wauke, Iowa. In addition she has a private class in piano and occasionally appears in recital.

Mildred Schulze Weist '20 is the mother of a son, who arrived on Thanksgiving day.

Eva Holman '02 is spending the winter in New York City, studying music.

Mabel Morris '23, who is a senior at Iowa State University, is actively interested in the work of the Y. W. C. A. among the foreign students. She writes that she has enjoyed the privileges of working in the Cabinet with Margaret Sayers '21, who is President of the Y. W. C. A. at the University.

An attractive poster announced the presentation of a dramatization of Hiawatha by the pupils of Florence Downing '24, who is teaching in a rural school near Mt. Carroll.

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Izelle Emery Scott '05 is head teacher of English in a Junior High School in Long Branch, California.

Eleanor Welch '24 is a Junior in Illinois Wesleyan University, where she is a Kappa Kappa Gamma pledge and a member of St. Cecelia, the women's glee club.

Phyllis Marschall '24 is at Emerson School of Oratory. She writes of meeting Ellen Sweth and Mrs. Gladys Jacobson Austin in Boston for a Frances Shimer reunion.

Alberta Morrison, '18-'19, is teaching Domestic Science in the High School at Penfield, Illinois.

Virginia Varty '23, Helene O'Boyle '24, Virginia Harrington '23, Rose Dutton '24, and Lucy Allen, '23-'24, were guests at the Thanksgiving Prom.

Evelyn Caille '24, who is a Junior at the University of Wisconsin, spent a week-end in December with friends at the School.

Leah Durkee '21, who after her graduation from Knox College in 1923 taught in a mountain school in Tennessee, writes that she is entering the University of Chicago for post-graduate work in preparation for a master's degree.

Marriages

Helen Dearborn, '21-'22, to Mr. Everett Elmo Reavis, on December 6, 1924, at Glendale, California. At home after December 20 at 1118 East Orange Grove Avenue, Glendale.

Iva Doid, '18-'19, to Mr. and O. A. Simley, on August 23, 1924, at Des Moines, Iowa. At home, Oberlin, Ohio.

Margaret Powell, '14-'15, to Mr. Stuart McMillan Thompson, November 12, 1924, in Marshall, Michigan.

Mary Brigham '15 to Mr. John M. Johnson, on September 18, 1924, at Chicago. At home, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dorothy Fullerton, '18-'19, to Mr. Lloyd Spencer Burns, on October 11, 1924, at Englewood, New Jersey.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Miller (Ruth Miles, '18,) daughter, Rebecca Anne, on November 9, 1924, at Lewiston, Idaho.

To Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Zafchenka (Vivian Kier '20) a son, Paul Edward, on October 29, 1924, at Chicago.

Novelty Shop

Don't be discouraged if your name is not here. It took King Tut 3,200 years to break into print.

Yes, clean yer house an' clean yer shed
An' clean yer barn in every part
But brush the cobwebs from yer head
An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart.

Yes, when spring cleanin' comes aroun'
Bring forth the duster and the broom,
But rake yer foggy notions down,
An' sweep yer dusty soul of gloom.

Ziek: (Home for Christmas holidays after three months of boyless dances) Oh Earl, may I have this dance and do you lead?

Miss Morrison: (In Art Appreciation) Now what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Ruth Bowman: Dunno, if I did, I'd try some of the stuff myself.

A Freshman stood on a railroad track,
The train was coming fast;
The Freshman got off the track
To let the train go past.

A Soph stood on the railroad track
The train was coming fast,
The train got off the railroad track
To let the Sophomore pass.

What Would Happen If:

Edrice were blue instead of Green?
Ingar were a butterfly instead of a Miller?
Bee could swim instead of Wade?
Marg were phoenix of Kiser?
Vera were a drummer instead of a Harper?
Jane were a blister instead of O'Boyle?
Lucille were a twig instead of a Branch?
Gene were Harry's daughter instead of Harrison?
Ruth were a lord instead of a Baron?
Muriel were a jay bird instead of a Martin?
Kathryn were older instead of Younger?
Helen were a tie instead of a Bowe?
Marge were a Dodge instead of a Cleveland?
Pauline were a janitor instead of a Gardner?

The Day of Vacation

'Twas the day of vacation and all thru the hall
Every creature was stirring, 'twasn't quiet at all;
The trunks had been packed and carried away
For this was really the long-looked-for day.

At six-thirty all were out of their beds
For visions of home danced in their heads,
And Bee in her p'jamas and I in mine too
Had tried mighty hard to pass that night through.

We dressed in a hurry and dashed down the stair,
And over to breakfast we went on the tear;
In a moment we finished and out again came,
Flew this way and that way almost the same.

We started to classes, our heads in a whirl,
With laughter and talking from each happy girl;
And no one, no matter how hard she tried
Could conceal the excitement she wanted to hide.

The minutes dragged slowly and slow the hours passed;
It seemed an eternity, until at last,
The lunch hour came and we rushed some more,
To the hall we then dashed and back again tore.

We were already dressed from our head to our feet,
And goodness! we were too nervous to eat,
But only too soon the moment arrived
When, as usual, we gave our dreaded good-byes.

Then to the depot we swiftly were carried
No one lingered, nor waited, nor tarried;
With a roar and a rumble the train came in sight;
Roughly we were jostled and squeezed awful tight.

We sprang to the train, it gave a shrill whistle,
"And away we flew like the down of a thistle,"
And we all exclaimed as we sped out on high,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-bye."

ANNETTE HUNTLEY, *Academy '25.*

Winter

"Aren't you glad that winter is here?"
Said Hathaway Hall to West,
"I think it's the lovellest time of the year,
It's the season I like the best."

"Your tastes and mine most surely agree,"
 Was West Hall's hearty reply,
 "Winter is certainly dearest to me,
 Though I could not tell you why."

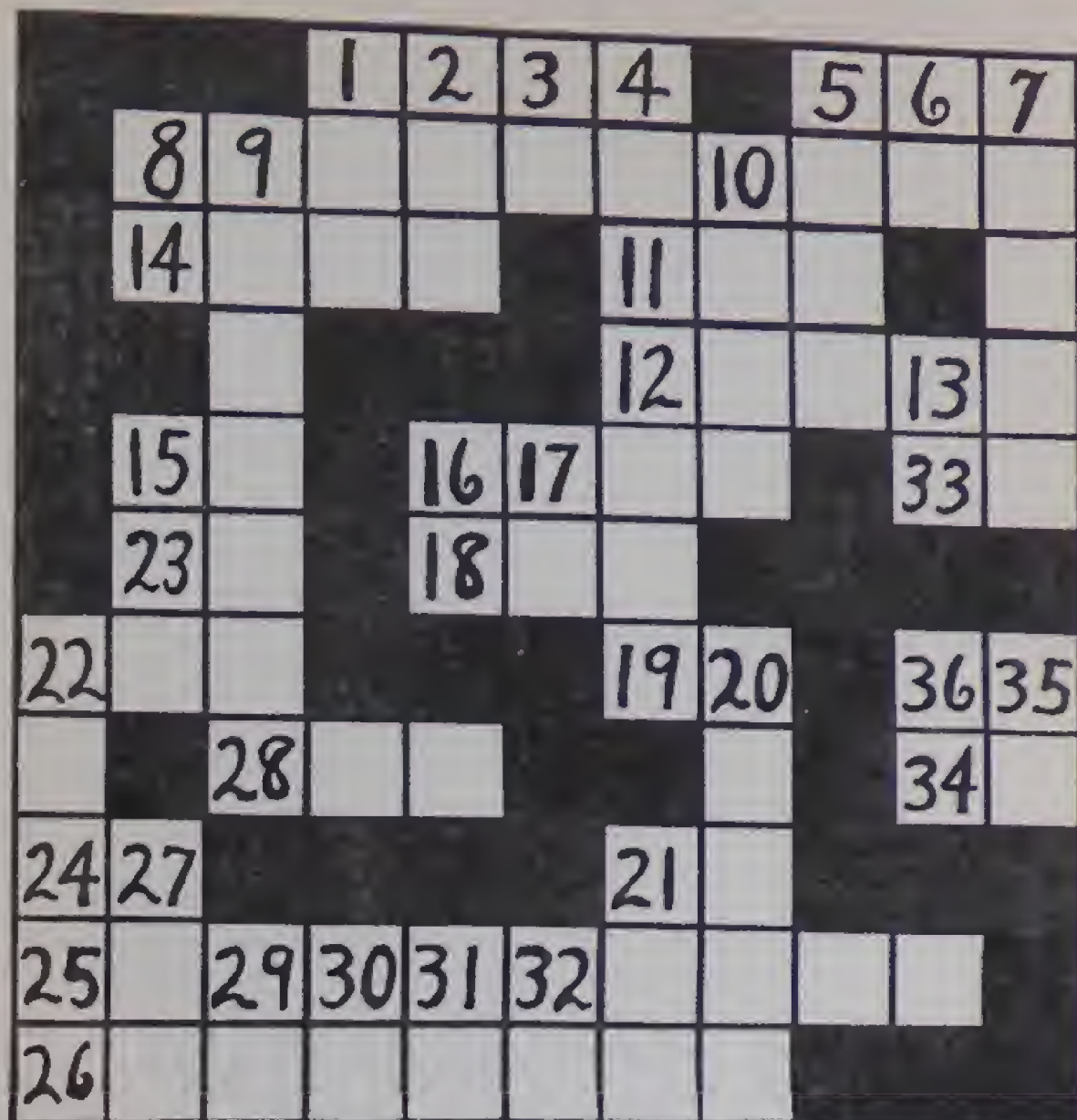
"By a process of elimination
 We might discover the cause
 For winter's rank in our estimation,"
 Said Hathaway after a pause.

"In fall I see too many a sight
 Of homesick girls and sadness;
 Summer's so lonely that things aren't right;
 Spring's too unsettled for gladness.

"But winter is a time of cheer,
 Of hearty sports and playing,
 Lessons are learned although time may seem dear;
 Winter's the best, I'm saying."

HARRIET DEUTSCH, *Academy '25.*

FRANCES SHIMER CROSS WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. Quite frequent vegetable at F. S. S.
5. Abbr. of opposite sex.
8. Place where Nobby is often hidden.
11. Return on notice.
12. Condition into which many have fallen at F. S. S.
14. A small pie.
15. A kind of soap.
16. Daddy of the Sophomore Class.
18. Eccentric.
19. Abbr. of a very rare metallic element.
21. Abbr. of the best class on campus.
22. Only noble to deal in—to save a life.
23. A division of Parliament (Abbr.)
24. Pronoun.
25. Pertaining to the earth as a center.
26. A hall on campus having much dignity.
28. Common expression at Shimer.
33. Initials of a class counselor.
34. Pronoun.
36. Necessary to answer often in case of disobedience (Abbr.)

VERTICAL

1. Absolutely necessary at all times from many.
2. A certain type on campus (Abbr.)
3. Part of verb "to be".
4. To consume.
5. Poss. of a very rare species at F. S. S.
6. Prefix denoting not, without.
7. Some do, some don't.
9. States of perplexity out of which we must find our own ways.
10. What is done with many clothes at F. S. S.
15. Greek letter.
16. Verb form.
17. Boy's nickname.
20. Our recognized authority.
21. Abbr. of station.
22. Expression of mirth.
27. The ocean as a whole.
29. Abbr. of part of the Bible.
30. Abbr. of a country.
31. Abbr. of a pronoun.
32. A direction.
33. Initials of a counselor.
35. A church congregation.

